however, it did not even for once occur to me at first, that the Tindale or the petty officer, was casting eager and covetous glances at my bowl. Moreover, it was no easy task for one like me to run the whole day carrying brick-loads in the sun; and the pint of milk that I got for my labours, I considered as perfectly well earned, so that there could be none fitter than myself to drink it—be he a Lord or be he a king— parched and dry as I felt, running for so many hours in the scorching mid-day sun. The man in charge, after days of eager and fruitless expectatation found that it was all to no purpose; every time that 1 got my milk, I finished the whole pint, looking neither this way nor that, caring not even for a single soul in all this wide wide world; what was the use, he thought, putting me in for such work as that? And so he changed me to some other work for which there was no milk allowance sanctioned. It was foolish of him, perhaps he thought, not to have known of my intentions before, else there would have been no chance of his

missing his royalty for so many previous days of his work regime, had he but put some other man in, for that irarfe, from die very beginning.